No longer forward nor behind I look in hope or fear; But, grateful, take the good I find, The best of now and here.

I plow no more a desert land. To harvest weed and tare; The manna dropping from God's hand Rebukes my painful care.

I break my pligrim staff—I lay Aside the tolling oar; The angel sought so far away I welcome at my door.

Among the ripening corn, Nor freshness of the flowers of May Blow through the Autumn morn.

Yet shall the blue-eyed gentian look Through fringed lids to Heaven, And the pale aster in the brook Shall see its image given;—

The woods shall wear their robes of praise,
The south wind softly sigh.
And sweet, calm days in golden haze
Meit down the amber sky.

And so the shadows fail apart.
And so the west winds play
And all the windows of my hea
I open to the day.

Not less shall manly deed and word Rebuke an age of wrong; The graven flowers that wreathe the sword Make not the blade less strong.

But smiting hands shall learn to heal-To build as to destroy; or less my heart for others feel That I the more enjoy.

Enough that blessings undeserved Have mark'd my erring track:
That whereso'er my feet have swerved,
Ilis chastening turn'd me back;—

That more and more a Providence Of love is understood
Making the springs of time and sens.
Sweet with eternal good:—

That death seems but a cover'd way Which opens into light, Wherein no blinded child can stray Beyond the Father's sight

That care and trial seem at last, Through memory's sunset air, Like mountain ranges overpast, In purple distance fair;—

And so the west winds play; nd all the windows of my heart I open to the day. —John Greenleaf Whittier.

The airs of Spring may never play

That all the jarring notes of life Seem blending in a psaim. And all the angles of its strife Slow rounding into calm.

"Can't We Try Each Other Once More."

delphia express to be called, and in invariably met with a startled rebuff the waiting room the usual quota of from others. Her eyes went to the travelers had gathered. It was a com- floor and she dropped obviously. mon enough scene, but full of absorbing interest to a serious mite of a faces before her seemed suddenly imchild sitting like an obedient little mobilizd. The woman looked ahead statue on the seat where her compan- of her with hard, unseeing eyes, and course, I won't go if it is offensive to ions had placed her, hands sedately winced as though struck; but the man, folded in her lap and her plump little with a man's distaste for a scene, was legs barely long enough to dangle the first to treat this conversational over the edge.

Her wide eyes questioned each face about her with wistful intentness, and possible, although his ruddy skin had there were occasional evidences of a mighty struggle of cogitation in her forced a smile as he looked into the little mind. The man with her was kind enough, after his own lights but his own. he was not used to children, and this child was not used to him, and she such a funny question?" he queried. was lonely.

The Desbrosses street ferry had just come in, and among the string of she's gone away, an' everybody says passengers who hurried into the wait- 'Be still,' w'en I ask them. Nobody ing room were a man and woman, will tell me what a diworce is. Did upon whom the child's eyes fixed it hurt mamm?" she cried. Her eyes child. themselves in speculative admiration. This was a stately and beautiful lady, tion that she had asked again and The man was large, and perhaps again, but to which no one had given would some day be larger, but now he her an answer. carried his bigness of height and breadth with an enviably easy swing. ed the little bundle of loneliness into He went to the window and bought her arms and held her close. one single ticket, and then the two came and and sat diagonally opposite she asked. Her husband had leaned the child and her companion. The back again and was staring at the woman was speaking in a constrainedly polite tone.

"There are but a few moments to it necessary to stay. There was no first, but he didn't go to be angel.

occasion for your coming at all." hour for you to start."

of scorn in her voice, chafing at his in a long carriage with flowers in it, cold supervision of her actions, which an' the lady next door came in an' said him in the light of a brute that she gracious, chile!' I do so want to surd journey, bringing her at her des- their haste to escape, and there were tination at midnight, but she could plenty more waiting to be released. not endure that silent house for another minute. The fever to be among her even as she answered; the curve of traced one of the only pair of kites own people-the few, the very few, her cheek vouchsafed her husband's who would sympathize and ask no view was as fair and cold as the snow, cruel questions had rushed irresisti- but the eyes fixed on the child burned bly upon her a few hours before, and like living coals. she had recklessly made her preparations and started. What matter? They had agreed that the hollow sham of though this were a new idea to her. their married life had better end at once, and that later they would be angel so awful soon; an' nurse an' legally separated. It soon would be cook did, but they kissed me an' cried

And he-when he was coldest he was always punctiliously polite, and he had insisted on seeing her off if she I guess," brightening up, "she'll take was determined to take this foolish journey. His face had been hard and indifferent as the door-their doorhad closed upon them as man and wife, and the ride to the ferry had been made in rigid silence.

Her eyes caught the child's unwavering gaze, and her face softened from its flinty composure. She had no children of her own, and this was such an unconsciously pathetic figure, with its primly folded hands and solemn eyes. The little traveler smiled faint- away. He was fond of children. ly and looked shyly away. Then the eyes crept back again, and friendly communication was established. For it any more?" a few moments she sat in sober consideration, weighing some mighty problem in her mind, and ever and anon to formulate an answer so simple that slipping a tentative glance toward the the child's mind could grasp it, then stately lady; then there was a cautious peep at the caretaker's face. and with the anxious haste of one who two people of married, you know; gathers all his courage for a desperate leap, she slid swiftly down and as they thought it would, so they go was across the way before her com- to the lawyer-man like yours over panion could realize what had hap there and get unmarried."

eagerly, her eyes searching the wom-

what a diworce is?" There! it was out-that awful, un- apt to be disconcerting. answered question which had been termenting her small soul for days the bosom which exhaled the same upen days-and her bolstered-up cour- faint, uncatchable sweet odor that had age suddenly subsided into fixtness always clung to mamma's dresses, and,

It was almost time for the Phila-| beautiful lady a question which had

The effect was electrical. The two bomb as a casual matter. He leaned forward in the most friendly manner taken on a still warmer tint, and wide eyes that gazed wonderingly into

"Well, now, what makes you ask "I wanted to know so bad," she said, appealingly. "Mamma's got one, but still urged their question-the ques-

The woman leaned forward, gather-

"Where has mamma gone, dear?" floor. Husband and wife ignored each other.

"Gone to be an angel," was the wait. I beg that you will not consider prompt answer. "Papa went away Cook said so. An' mamma cried and "You forget that there are still cried, an' got sick and went to bed, some appearances to maintain," he an' I heard nurse tell cook that mam- of France. answered stiffly. "There is no occa- ma had a diworce. An' wen I asked sion to create any more gossip than mamma w'ot that was she jus' cried is necessary, and this is an absurd and hugged me; and I asked nurse, an' she cried, an' she scolded me an' "Isn't it a little late to consider ap- said I mustn't ever say such a thing pearances?" she asked, with a touch again. Then they took mamma away he did not attempt to explain by any the divorce killed mamma. An' towarmer mative than conventionality. day I asked the lawyer-man over there She knew what he meant-that it put an' he just jumped an' said, 'My good should be fleeing from his home unat- know what a diworce is." It was a tended at a particularly inconvenient long speech for a small girl, but the authorities, is declared to be extinct, hour. She knew that it was an ab- words tripped over each other in

The woman's voice was calm and

"But who takes care of you, dear?" "I don't know," she said, slowly, as "Mamma did, but she went to be an known to the world, and New York an' went away the day that lots of had become a cell of torment to her. people came to our house an' bought things. Now the lawyer-man is taking me away to live with mamma's auntie. care of me now."

She lifted a supplicating face to the woman bending over her, and with a child's unwearied insistence again sought an answer to the question that lay so heavily on her little soul.

"Won't you please tell me w'ot a diworce is?" It was a delicate situation. The man leaned forward and answered for his

wife, who had mutely turned her head "Now see here; suppose I tell you, will you promise not to worry about

A vigorous nod.

He remained stlent a moment, trying spoke to the anxious face:

"Well, a divorce is-a divorce-well, and sometimes it doesn't work as well

He floundered hopelessly over his "Won't you, please," she began, definition, ending it with an uncomfortably red face, for it was harder an's face, "won't you please tell me than he had anticipated, and two searching eyes glued to your face are

The little one nestled back against temerity in asking this strange and the man's face, propounded the next | Ch onicla

link in the endless chain of a child's Interrogations

"Please, w'y do they want to get unmarried?'

The face above her was white, the arm about her trembled. The husband studied the floor intently a few moments before answering, a frown gathering between his eyes and a little droop of scorn-self-scorn-pulling down the corners of his mouth. "God knows," he said slowly, and

stared at the floor again. A stentorian voice was intoning the departure of the Philadelphia express, and with a nervous start the woman

looked up from the child on her lap to see the "lawyer-man" approaching "Pardon me for interrupting you,

but the little girl must be going now." he said, raising his hat and bowing. The child clung silently to her new friend before leaving, and in the woman's eyes there were hot tears, and in her throat an aching dryness, as she gave the upturned face a linger-

ing kiss and let her go.

Her husband stood at her elbow as lawyer and charge passed through the doorway, the child twisting around for a last look. Would she rebuff him, turning the low scorn of her eyes on him? Had he been a fool to detect any feeling for him in the whiteness of her face as she bent over the child? Would he only make himself ridiculous? The stubborn pride which had helped to drive them so far apart tingled at the notion. But wasn't it worth the risk?

"Your train goes next," he reminded her, watching her face intently. "I want to go with you, Honora. Of you, but this is such a wretched business. Do you know what we are trying to do, dear? Can't we try each other once more? I know I've been a hidebound brute; it was just cursed pride all through; but I love you, dear, and can't give you up. Let me come with you, just part way if you like, Honora, dear!"

In his heart he cursed the public waiting room and passing people, forcing him to stand like a miserable automaton and cautiously mumble the words that came rushing into his mind.

Her hand touched his arm for an instant, her eyes looked into his, and she turned toward him like a weary

"Oh, no," she whispered back, a sob catching her voice, "I don't want to go away, dear! Oh, my husband, I want to go back with you! I want to go home!"-Agnes Louise Provost, in Woman's Home Companion.

QUAINT AND CURIOUS.

The biggest gas motor in the world is at East Greenwich. When filled it contains twelve million cubic feet of

The ancient custom of putting a coin in the hand of the dead is still occasionally followed in the rural districts

The query of Cassius concerning the origin of Caesar's greatness is one often repeated in these days regarding the Japanese. Upon what meat doth the little Jap feed that he has grown so great? As concerns his material food, it has been many times stated, to the amazement of the world, that he does his fighting on that pild and insipid cereal, rice.

The kite, according to ornithological and it is practically so. But a vigilance committee has nevertheless been formed in Wales for the protection of the bird. A photographer recently known to exist in South Wales to a cave in the mountains and with a lucky shapshot secured a photograph.

There are about ten millions of migratory sheep in Spain, which each year travel as much as two hundred miles from the plains to the mountains. Their march, resting places and behavior are governed by special regulations, dating from the fourteenth century. At certain times no one may travel the same route as the sheep, which have the right to graze on all open and common land on the way. For this purpose a road ninety yards wide must be left on all enclosed and private property. The shepherds lead their flocks, which are accompanied by provision mules, and by large dogs. to guard against a night attack by

Large Familles in Great Britain. In St. Botolph's church, Aldgate, there is a monument to the memory of Agnes, widow of William Bond, who "bore him 16 children, eight boys and eight girls."

That was in the spacious 16th century, but it is noteworthy that John Gully, grandfather of the late speaker of the Commons, had 24 children. A year or two ago a Northampton shoemaker entered as his plea in the police court that he was the father of 32 children, of whom 27 were living: while 20 years ago Chester boasted of a couple who were "the happy father and delighted mother of 33 children," ten of them being alive in 1890.

But the record in family numbers belongs to Scotland. It is that of a Scotch weaver in the 16th century whose wife bore him 62 children, Only 12 died in childhood, 46 sons and four daughters living to be 21 and upward. This almost incredible record is fully and absolutely authenticated Sir. John Bowes and three other gentlemen each adopted and reared ten of do come from the country. I may be as she realized the magnitude of her with her inquiring eyes still searching this prodigious family.-London Daily a lamb, but I'll keep my wool on."-

PEARLS OF THOUGHT.

that one knows the age of the heart.

Joy's recollection is no longer joy, while sorrow's memory is sorrow still. -Byron.

and neither of them is the least related to wit .- Chesterfield. We never know a greater charac-

ter unless there is in ourselves something congenial to it.-Channing.

We should not be like the soap stone, that crumbles as it is rubbed. but like gold, that shines brighter and brighter the more it is used .- Mary

There is in life no blessing like affection; it soothes, it hallows, elevates, subdues and bringeth down to earth its native heaven: life has nought else that may supply its place. -L. E. Landon.

Government Bureau Develops Lettuce Immune from Lettuce Disease.

Nearly all the winter lettuce in the United States has become diseased, the Washington Post says, as a result partly of "forcing" methods and of the failure of greenhouse gardeners to strengthen the stock of their plants by occasional crossings with wild lettuce. To remedy these evils, Dr. Galloway, chief of the Bureau of Plant Industry, has been working for two seasons, and has succeeded in obtaining a crop of winter lettuce plants that are immune to the lettuce disease, yet at the same time of large size and capable of developing as early as the most specialized for three years has been threatened

with extinction by the lettuce disease. The Bureau of Plant Industry is engaged on a work which, it is predicted, will result in materially reducing the price of Easter Iilies. Early last year the bureau imported from the Philippines a fily resembling the common Easter lily in size and color, though bearing only one, and at times, two flowers to the plant, but developing in the remarkably short space of two or three months. This lily, Mr. Oliver, the Department's plant breeder, has crossed with the common Easter Illy. resulting in a hybrid, bearing as many flowers per plant as the old Bermuda lily and in no wise differing from the latter plant, which will develop in four to five months, representing a shortage

in time from one to three months. As yet the experiment is not completed, but enough has been seen to warrant plant experts in the belief that the new hybrid Easter lily can be produced vastly cheaper than the one that

Troublesome Tunes.

fernal rhyme of the 'blue trip slip for a 6-cent fare' and so on, which keeps running through the heads of people who ought to be thinking about something else, was written as a funny story but really had a heap of unfortunate truth in it," said a nervous man in a Chestnut street cigar store yester-

"There are other songs and rhymes which have the same effect as the 'punch in the presence of the passenjaire' atrocity. The one that seems to have caught the people-and it certainly caught me-is that unmusical and nerve-racking alleged song, 'Everybody Works But Father.' On the street we hear the messenger boys and the newsboys whistling it and respectable people pass by humming it. 'He sits round all day' jumps into your mind when you attempt to read the paper. When I try to get to sleep at night I can think of nothing but the rhymes about mother taking in washing and father smoking his pipe of clay. It's no joke."-Philadelphia Rec-

Wasn't Taking Chances.

and we will have a bite of lunch, its errors.

"I'm ready now," said the broker

comfortable. Better leave it here." "No, you don't," said the countryman, eyeing his friend sternly and buttoning his "ulster" tightly around him; "no, you don't. I read the papers and know Wall street, even if 1

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"Did I ever notice what?" asked the

"That when one of them literary

chaps feels he has a message for the

world he always wants to send it 'col-

lect'?" continued the other.

party who had volunteered to assist

who always, begins his questions at

the other end.

with the dialogue.

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of winter lettuce. To do this involved a great deal of work and time and the sacrifice of thousands of plants. Seed of healthy winter lettuce was planted. and when all was ready the plants were crossed with wild lettuce, or its next door neighbor, a variety free of disease. Millions of seeds of these cross-bred plants were sown in beds of a thousand each, and out of each thousand heads two or three of the largest and best were taken, while the rest were dstroyed. From these extra large early and fine heads another crop was raised, from which only the best were saved. It is from these that seeds will be furnished to the greenhouse men of the great cities, thus saving from ruin the winter lettuce industry, which

has been grown.

"Mark Twain's story about the in-

A man from 'way down East dropped in to see a friend in Wall street. "Be with you in a moment, said the hustling broker. The visitor watched the office wheels go round-the telephoning, the reading of the tickers, the people rushing in and out-heard the mysterious numbers which flew about from lip to lip -it was all just as Tom Lawson had pictured it. He was in the lion's den and felt that he was no Daniel to defy

Then, looking at his visitor, he said. "You will find that heavy overcoat un-

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